

THE PRINCESS AND THE PAUPER (ARABELLA)

Chapter 2030

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Arabella wiped her hands and looked down at the person sprawled on the floor with a disdainful sneer,

"I thought you had some guts, showing your teeth and claws like that. Turns out you're nothing. Next

time before you strut around, weigh yourself up - don't embarrass yourself so easily. You might not care

about your reputation, but think about your family."

Harriet bit her lower lip, struggling to her feet.

"Do you need me to give you the McMillian family's number so you can go cry to them? Or perhaps

you'd rather tattle to my kin? Pick whichever you like."

Harriet was seething with rage; Arabella's arrogance was too much to bear!

Beside her, Cathy watched with wide-eyed admiration; Bella was badass, so cool!

"Since you're not in the mood to make calls." Arabella pulled a check from her purse and tossed it at

Harriet, "Fill it out with whatever you want, consider it compensation for your medical expenses. And

while you're at it, maybe get your head checked too."

Harriet clenched her teeth with fury.

"Still here? Want another round?"

At Arabella's words, Harriet turned on her heel and stormed off.

"Arabella, you're amazing!" Cathy sighed admiringly, "She didn't dare make a damn peep."

"Try to be a bit more refined. No need to talk about the gross stuff."

Cathy couldn't help but laugh. Just then, the waiter knocked and brought in their food.

"Arabella, should we move to a different private room?"

"No need. This is fine," Arabella noticed that Cathy seemed much cheerier than before.

"Help yourself to more food, Arabella." Taking the tableware, Cathy started to fill Arabella's plate with

an assortment of sushi, eager to share, "Our family is always compared to Romeo's by others. I know

there's a lot of talk out there. Everyone seems to think that we're not doing as well as they are."

While munching on the food, Cathy continued, "Whenever both families attend a banquet, guests flock

around Romeo's family, not ours. And in meetings, the executives tend to heed his advice over ours."

Cathy poured Arabella another cup of tea, and then added, "Truth be told, our families have always

been close, unaffected by the outside noise. But growing up surrounded by whispers and feeling that

difference in treatment, it's impossible to say it didn't affect me."

To everyone else, the eldest son's family wasn't as prosperous as the second's, where Romeo had

become the wealthiest man in the world. In comparison, their own accomplishments seemed to pale.

As she finished speaking, Cathy's phone rang. It was Romeo calling. She shot Arabella a look that

screamed for help. Had Harriet run straight to him to tattle?

Cathy braced herself and answered on speakerphone, only to hear Romeo's lively voice, "Enjoying the meal?"

Cathy was petrified, "Did Harriet blab about where we were? Romeo, we didn't do anything wrong.

Harriet insulted Arabella, said she could buy you two's affections with money. I told her to leave, but

she wouldn't budge and kept hurling insults. Arabella only reacted because she couldn't stand it

anymore. It wasn't serious, just a soft slap, like a breeze passing by."

Arabella thought, "A soft slap? Like a breeze?" Harriet's face had clearly swollen, with five distinct

finger marks. And the marks on her neck were hard to miss.